

min ! oh ! ru !'s discord live-writes/drabbles

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min ! oh ! ru !'s discord live-writes/drabbles

by [min - no - ru \(vanyanya\)](#)

Summary

Min's live writes, drabbles, and ideas that are one shots or have previously been written on the Shipping Paradise discord server.

The pairing and chapter rating are in the chapter titles.

I rated this as Explicit because of the mature content but not all chapters have smut. You can easily skip these chapters if you don't want to read the explicit/adult content.

For reference, this is how I'm rating the chapters:

(E) Explicit: R18 content

(M) Mature: Implied R18 or more heavy content that is not explicit content

(T) Teens and Up: References to heavy content, but the heavy content isn't graphic enough

for me to mark it as (M)

(G) General: No sensitive content or adult content. May contain swearing.

(NR) Not Rated: Very very rare and I'll probably never give a chapter this rating but as a rule of thumb: If a chapter is (NR), I have no idea what to rate it as. Expect the unexpected I guess.

(NR) ratings will probably only be temporary.

Notes

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See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

DreamnoBlade God/Summoner AU

Idea: God Technoblade (God of War/Wrath) and Summoner Dream. The Hunters are gods chasing after Dream and trying to disrupt the rift between the human world and the world of spirits

Notes: Loosely based on onmyoji, very slight Japanese undertones. Refined speech due to the time period.

Dream's duties as a summoner was to maintain the peace between the spiritual realms, where the divine beings and the dead resided, and the human world. It was due to his misfortune, three powerful gods have been wreaking havoc and disrupting the barriers between the two planes of existence. Even if he was the most powerful summoner, he was still a man. He had to get by by summoning aides and spirits to join him in his endeavors. His two servants, Tommy and Tubbo- two boys he had saved from a group of demons years ago- had gathered the materials needed for the circle, and he placed them correctly as he began his chant:

"I humbly ask for guidance.", he said, ending his chant as the light that the summoning circle had emitted snuffed out, leaving only him in the dim light of his candles.

He gasped as he looked up, gazing upon the towering god. His long pink hair flowed down his back like a waterfall, broad chest accentuated in the shining planes of his netherite armor. The striking sharpness of his jawline was evident even behind his boar mask.

Dream had hoped for a strong being to answer his call, but he didn't expect the most feared and revered god to come to him: Lord Techno, the god of wrath, destruction and war. The god who had long ago came down from the heavens to drench the world in blood for humanity's sins.

The Blade, they called him. And Dream tried his best not to shrink in fear.

Today, he would go through with this, or he would die trying. No matter how impossible it would be to get through to this god, he desperately needed help. If the barrier between two worlds collapsed, a great calamity would occur.

Just as he was about to open his mouth to bargain, the god stepped forward and out of the circle to raise a clawed hand, surprisingly gentle as he tipped Dream's head to unclasp his white clay mask, a resounding *clang* echoed through the room as it fell to the floor. Red eyes glowed through his boar mask as he observed the lovely human before him.

Pretty, flushed skin that smelt like fresh berries and felt like smooth silk on the god's calloused skin. Trembling pouty lips and long beautiful lashes that covered fawn green eyes. Lord Techno had seen the beauty of Aphrodite, the enticing curves of her flesh; He had seen Apollo's handsome features up close, with long golden hair and his planes of muscled flesh; But this human was a beauty that he had not seen before.

As he pressed his hand against his summoner's chest, his eyes widened at the beautiful harmony of the mortal's soul. His was a golden heart, so kind and caring.

It was decided then, as Lord Techno removed his mask, that Dream was worthy of being the one to see his face.

He smirked as the beautiful summoner gasped and reached out to feel the scars and wounds on his face. The twinkling stars in Dream's eyes as he gazed upon his scarred face in awe made him want him even more.

Lord Techno was not known to hold back from the finest things in life and he would not stop now.

He will have this human.

"What is it that you want from me, Dream?"

The human didn't even seem that surprised that the god already knew his name, "The rift between the spiritual realm and the human realm has been compromised, my Lord. There have been three gods- One who calls himself Sapnap, the other George and the last Antfrost- in order: a water god, a nature god, and an ice god, who are responsible for the recent barrier breaches. I am willing to give anything in return for the safety of L'mansburg."

Lord Techno hummed, "Very well, but I'll ask this in return," in a swift and easy motion, he wrapped his hands around Dream's perfectly small waist and dipped him down. He moved one hand to the curved jut of Dream's hip, teasingly lifting the modest silk of his robes to reveal thick, milky thighs. His other hand travelled to the small of Dream's back to steady him.

"I will be having my rut soon; as a summoner, I assume you know what this entails but I'll explain it to you: It is a period where my temperature will be heightened and I will experience a need to- have companionship of a more *amorous* kind. When that time comes, I will join you in your chambers,"

He leaned in closer, his breath, which smelt like fire and charcoal, was breathed in puffs of air as he smelt the sweetness of Dream's own air.

"Do we have a pact, my dear summoner?"

"But, my Lord," Dream stuttered, "There are better men and women than me, I'm sure I can-"

"There are none," then he added, "This is not up for discussion. These are my terms. Will you accept them?"

Dream weakly gasped, a sweet little sound that made it hard to control his urges. Clouded green tea eyes stared back at redstone orbs. Lord Techno was like an ocean, pulling him down and down and down, and yet, he felt as though he would rather drown in this strange than ever go back onto land.

"Yes," he answered and tasted the sweet lingering tension in the air, "I accept your pact."

Sharp fingertips bit into his waist as the god dipped him down and connected them in a deep kiss. A stuttered gasp giving entrance to the soft crevices of Dream's mouth. Light lashes fluttered close as he took in the deep and rich earthy taste of the god's mouth. Something spicy burned his throat like expensive tobacco and smoke, but underlying that was the saccharine taste of honey and milk chocolate. Lord Techno tasted refined, like a rich delicacy prepared for emperors and those with connection to the heavens.

Contrast to his aloof face, Techno felt like he was melting. Dream tasted like smooth honey on freshly baked bread, warm and soft and just the right amount of sweet. Chamomile and Jasmine hit him as their tongues intertwined in an intricate dance, brushing over small fangs and soft gums. In his centuries of existing, he finally felt like he was *alive*.

The summoning circle glowed as Techno recited the words: "I command the heavens and earth,

with the power entrusted to me, to bless the sacred bond between god and man. I, *The Blade*, bind myself unto the summoner known as *Dream*, I mote it be!”

The light intensified, strong winds bellowing a cry. Dream had to hold on, lest he fly away into the night. He yelled his words into Techno’s black robes, “I plead the heavens, hear my cry! Give your divine blessing upon this bond as I, *Dream*, bind myself to my god, I mote it be!”

The light shifted and moved like it was alive; dancing around the two before settling onto their wrists in a spell that was meant to imprison them to each other. Unknown to them, the god of love, Lord Halo, was smiling happily unto the two unlikely soulmates who had finally found each other.

Lord Halo smiled and echoed, “*I mote it be.*”

For a god so feared and known to be uncaring about human life, Lord Techno was an easy and reliable partner. When he voiced this thought to his companion, he received a rumbling, heart-felt laugh, “Well, I expect the same behavior from you when I join you in your chambers, dear human.” He had said shamelessly, and stole a kiss from the flustered human.

Tubbo and Tommy fretted over him as the blush remained on his face the whole day, up to his sleep.

He felt safer, like someone was watching over him. He was probably imagining it.

If Lord Techno reinforced his precious human’s home with the strongest wards in his possession, that was something to be kept between him and the heavens.

Lord Techno often argued with Lord Halo on the topic of love. He argued that it was a fallacy, and predictably, the soft god insisted that it was real. There was always this motherly, knowing look in his doe-like eyes as he told Techno the same thing every time- *Believe in me*. And always, the god would smile lovingly at his husband, Lord Skeppy- *God of fate*- like it was proving something.

He should have listened to him sooner, like most times, the love god was right.

It was ridiculous. Lord Fundy- *God of inventors*- would titter and tease him about his new-found infatuation. One day, he would cut the ever-swaying fox tails off the chaotic god’s body.

He found himself looking for little things to make the pretty human happy. “Dream, would you like new robes? I will call my tailors at once-”, “Dream, are you famished? I can make you-” and the list went on and on. It was worth the fond little smile that would bloom on Dream’s face, even when the answer to his questions was always a firm and polite, “No thank you, Lord Techno.”

One day, as he asked once again (this time it was, “Dream, do your shoes need shining?”), Dream gave him a shy smile as he cupped Techno’s face with his soft hands, “You don’t need to prove yourself to me, you don’t have to be scared you’re not enough and you don’t have to convince me of anything at all. You’ve been quite the doting husband recently..”

Techno perked up, “Can you call me that again?”

“What?”

“Husband. You said husband.”

Dream giggled lightly, “Okay...husband?”

The god whooped in joy and carried Dream into his arms, twirling him around like a princess. Dream let out a squeal that could put any maiden to shame as Lord Techno peppered kisses onto his fair, soft skin.

“We’ll have the wedding tomorrow! I’ll prepare the-”

“Lord Techno, no!”

Dream was startled by a noise in the dark. He sat up straight in his bed, anxiously reaching for the talisman on his bedside table. He heard a rumble and the ground groaned beneath him. It quivered and it shook with a vengeance, causing Dream to fall forward slightly. He steadied himself and lit his lantern, bathing the room in a soft yellow glow.

A large hulking figure at the door, glowing red eyes peering out from the darkness. A long snout of a pig and horns that stood on top of it’s head like a threat. But Dream’s nerves melted as he bolted straight to his to-be husband, catching his heavy weight just as he fell to the floor.

His breath came out in loud puffs, creating visible smoke. He gently tilted his lover’s face, pulling away the mask to gaze into wild, dazed eyes. They sharpened as they gazed upon Dream’s soft, delicate face contorted in worry.

“Techno!” He exclaimed, “What’s wrong? What happened? Are you-”

“Rut..”, He grunted, chest heaving with his effort, “Tried to hold off, didn’t wanna force you but- I can’t-*Dream I need to-*”

“You should have come, we had the pact-”

“I’m not going to rape you!”

“Who said this was rape?” Dream pressed a loving kiss on his nose, “You didn’t let me finish: Even without the pact, I wouldn’t say no to you. I want this, *my Lord.*”

“Now quick, before you lose control-”

He couldn’t finish his sentence. As if a figurative switch had been flipped, the beast came out and roared at it’s freedom, taking Dream’s slender figure and pushing him onto the soft linens of his bed. Sharp claws teased at the light fabric that Dream had donned, a tight smile etching himself onto the god’s face,

“Oh darling, I already have.”

He slid himself between Dream’s gloriously thick thighs, digging crescent shaped into the fat flesh. Dream whimpered, an erotic invitation, as his fingers dug into the sheets and his legs shifted in a way that Techno assumed was the man’s precursor to writhing.

Unable to withstand it anymore, he used his strength to tear- properly *rip-* the flimsy fabric off of his body. His mouth salivated as he eyed puffy pink nipples, leaning down to kiss the rosy peaks before properly sucking one into his mouth, licking and nipping with his teeth and abusing the other nub by rubbing the poor thing between his thick fingers.

Dream let out tiny little mewls, unable to run away from the pleasure. Techno towered over him,

and his build was much bigger than his own tiny body. As Techno played with his chest, he shamefully rutted against the hardening length tenting his lover's pants.

As if hearing his lover's pleas, he divested his own garments. Dream flushed as he stared at the now exposed planes of hard muscles and flesh; a sharp collarbone and a strong chest, trailing down to the blade's mouthwatering abs. Defined arms flexed with strength as they lifted Dream's legs to the pink haired god's shoulders; to which Dream responded with a stuttered yelp.

Techno did a little bit of exploring himself. With no shame, he eyed his lover's soft, puffy chest; courtesy of the treatment Techno gave it. Dream had a bit of a belly, also his fault for spoiling the shorter male. All in all, Dream was as soft, adorable and pretty as he thought he would be. Just the right amount of fat in the right places, especially his plump behind.

He connected them in a sloppy kiss that was more saliva and tongue than lip, pushing the blond further into the pillows.

"You're so beautiful," He whispered against his skin like a prayer, "My lovely bird, *will you sing for me?*"

"I won't go as far as to *sing!*", Dream complained and pouted in protest,

"But you will."

He shivered at the undertone of *you're absolutely getting wrecked, Dream* and yielded to the rough kisses and bites, tilting his head to moan into the sheets.

"Ahh, ah- oh please.." He asked, but for what, he didn't know.

Luckily, Techno seemed to know the answer as he splayed Dream's legs open and nudged his nose against Dream's rim. He kissed it, watching his pink rim flutter prettily and listening to the accompanying gasp that came with it. He blew on it for his own amusement, rejoicing at his cute lover's innocent reactions to his teasing.

When Dream started to whine and pout at him, he kissed his cute little rim in apology and laid his tongue flat as he licked his entrance.

"Haa-ahh! Why?", his breath hitched, "Dirty! Techno please don't-"

"You're so small, Dream." He commented, completely ignoring him as he flicked his tongue against it and watched Dream's entire body tremble. Dream sobbed, a wrecked little sound as Techno continued to eat his cute hole out.

A few minutes and Dream was already wrecked and shaking, his adorable cock twitching as it squirted a clear dribble of cum. A choked moan bubbled from his throat as Techno continued to abuse his sensitivity, stopping when Dream finally pulled on his hair.

God, he was a beautiful sight. Flushed skin and teary eyes, hands protectively covering his hole as if that would help him at all. He wasn't making it easier to hold back at all, with his pretty pouting lips and his fluttering lashes. It was like a bunny presenting itself on a diamond platter for a wolf.

He was already so fucked out, he wonders if he Dream would completely unravel for him.

Well, if one thing was for sure, He had Dream beat when it came to size. Dream had a really pretty cock, a cute slender thing that endearingly flushed at the tip. Techno was long and thick, impressive veins sticking out and the angry purple head almost looked monstrous compared to

Dream. He didn't want to hurt Dream, so he placed his hand on his stomach and muttered a quick spell under his breath.

Slick began to drip from his warmth, covering Techno's throbbing cock as well. He pushed the tip against his rim, easing the thick head slowly until it breached the entrance. Dream was tight, warm and wet, his ass tightening and hugging his length as he slowly pushed in.

"S-so big!", He gasped, "T-too big, it's hitting-pressing! Something feels weird! Techno, please-" Dream spasmed, legs twitching as he came with a mewl, cumming dry as his cock softened.

Dream came from *just the tip*. He grit his teeth, slamming his cock inside as he pounded Dream into their bedsheets. He could see himself moving inside through Dream's stomach, his belly bulging from having such a monstrous length inside his body.

Dream's mind felt like it was melting, blurring and mixing the lights and shadows of the room as stars filled his vision. His insides felt like they were getting mixed and messed up as that perfect, thick cock drilled it's shape into his stomach. It felt so good- *being fucked felt so good*. It kept pressing and pressing on his prostate, he was getting used and dominated so well.

"You're *mine*," He growled, "*Aren't you, my love?*"

"Yours yours *yours*- aAAh~ T-there, righ-nyAaH~"

He pulled out slowly, making sure Dream could feel every millimeter to show just how deep and hard his cock had been, before slamming back in, thrusting sharply at his weak points. His rim was pink from the abuse, the lewd sounds as he fucked Dream's sloppy insides echoed through the four walls of their room.

A sharp thrust jostled Dream out of his wrecked state, whining adorably as Techno slowly pumped him with bucket loads of cum, filling his belly with it as he pulled out, causing some to slide right out.

Satisfied with how thoroughly he bred his human, he leaned in and rubbed his rim with his thumb, before digging in for his *desert*.

"I-I can't- a-ahhh~"

"I feel so sick!" Dream complained, rubbing his aching tummy as Techno hummed comfortingly and carried him to their bed.

The conflict with the spiritual and human realms were resolved. The trio of gods becoming Dream's most protective friends. And while he was happy to see his *wife* happy, he knew that he would pout and huff if he found out why he was sick-

"My goodness!" Lord Halo exclaimed in happiness, picking up Dream from Techno's arms to hug the poor confused summoner, "Congratulations on the baby!"

"The *what?*"

As expected, Techno was kicked out of bed and had to sleep on one of the spare futons.

Ah, lesson learned: A happy wife is a happy life.

heroes bleed the most (Fundywastaken-M)

Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

FundywasTaken Omegaverse

Notes: Feral Alpha Fundy

Warnings: Mention of trauma, mention of near-sexual assault, mild gore/blood

“George, where the fuck is the key to the room?!”

“I don’t fucking know- Why are you screaming at me?!”

“Why are you screaming at *me*?!”

“I’m allowed to, you started screaming first, dumbass!”

Through a series of events, Dream and Fundy had gotten locked inside one of the dungeon cells. It was supposed to be a harmless prank- Tommy proposed it, George, Sapnap, and Tubbo found it funny- but things had gone awry when they realized they didn’t have the key and one factor they had completely forgotten about- Dream was an omega and he was in heat, accompanied by Fundy, an *alpha*.

Alphas weren’t known for their self-control around omegas. Of course, not to generalize (Bad was an alpha and he was a sweetheart.) alphas, but the news reports of omegas being taken advantage of in their heats or the prejudice against the “fairer gender” didn’t exactly help the stigma. Dream had been a victim himself in his youth (A disgusting event in which a teacher from his school tried to take advantage of him.). It left him with a scar- both physical and mental- and it was the reason he had so much trouble trusting alphas.

Fundy was an amazing person, but it was practically a given fact that alphas could not control themselves around heat pheromones. There were studies to back this claim- (*...the omega pheromones²² produced during heats²³ cause a chemical reaction in the alpha’s brain, triggering the mating response²⁴..*) that justified their worry.

They couldn’t keep banging on the door. They could smell Dream’s potent distressed scent spike up each time their movements caused a loud noise. Fundy didn’t seem to be doing any better. A low, rumbling growl warned them each time, followed by a kick of burnt oak and spice.

Tubbo was the only other omega and they had safely escorted him back to his room. Tommy, a beta, was there to keep watch over him and give him some company. George and Sapnap quickly called Techno and Wilbur to help. The pink haired alpha tried to play off his nonchalance in the

call, but as soon as they mentioned the danger Dream was in, he dropped the call and ran as fast as he could.

Wilbur was panting, hair wildly framing his face as if he had run all the way from his home to get there.

“What the fuck were you thinking?”, Techno yelled, “And you don’t even have the key?”

Wilbur patted him on the shoulder, “Fighting isn’t gonna help man, calm down. You’re stinking up the place with lava and charcoal.”

After frantically checking for keys, they had come up empty. Techno tried kicking down the door, which was an effort that was fruitless: The door was made of iron.

The yelling and pounding noises were making Dream’s ears hurt. He felt sensitive and achy- his pathetic excuse for a nest was a bed of cobblestone and Fundy’s coat. The familiar scent of grease and oil calmed him down slightly, but his instincts were a mess of *why is it so cold, where am I?*

An itchy heat settled in his stomach, coiling tightly like a snake. He curled into himself, knees pressed to his chest and his arms wrapped around himself. The bitter, repulsive taste of bile went up his throat and settled on his tongue. He bit his red lips to hold back the vomit.

He was aware of how he smelt. He’ll spare you the theatrical descriptions of flowers and berries: Dream smelt like a distressed omega in heat, and that was that. He was sure it was uncomfortable for Fundy too- the fox-human hybrid smelt like burning electrical wires.

He peeked up from his cocoon and his breath hitched. Fundy’s eyes were glowing like citrine, sweat clinging like second skin on his taut muscles. His white t-shirt was drenched in sweat, like his unkempt hair springing out of his hat. His thick brows were furrowed in concentration but what caught Dream’s attention was how tightly Fundy was gripping his pants.

With a bit of hesitancy, Dream leaned forward, already pushing the limits of their confined space. His body was going into overdrive and he would go into *omegan freeze (...If an omega in heat is without a partner, their nest, or is in a state of panic or anxiety, this can caused them to go into a freeze: wherein the omega’s temperature will drop, and the omega can potentially go through the following: shock, a depressive episode, panic attacks and or seizures, vomiting..)* and he needed something- anything.

Tentatively, he reached out, “Fundy...hug, please- or anything, ‘don’t know, *alpha save me please-*”

Fundy’s nostrils flared and with a surprising amount of gentleness, he placed Dream on his lap and began to chuff- a comforting gesture used by alphas to calm omegas down. Feeling his panic begin to settle down, Dream clung onto him, fully trusting him to protect him as he drifted off into a half-conscious state.

Fundy smelt normal and content again. Dream likes the smell.

After a full on argument broke out, the alphas outside were on edge. Techno was being aggressive, full-on snarling as they argued. They sighed in relief as they received a message from Bad saying he had the key, and that he was close to their location, but that didn’t ease the tension at all. Even George was being more snappy than usual.

When Bad arrived, sweaty and out of breath, they moved out of the way as he unlocked the door.

They expected the worst, but they were even more confused at what they saw:

Fundy had completely covered Dream with his arms, his coat draped over his trembling shoulders as an extra layer of protection. He was foaming at the mouth, eyes wild and unfocused, glaring at the alphas- no doubt seeing them as rivals stepping into his territory.

He had gone feral, and yet, Dream remained untouched and fully intact.

The reason for that was clear: Fundy's claws were digging into his own forearms, blood dripping down at an alarming rate. He was protecting Dream from himself by harming himself.

They had to get him healed fast, but the second they moved to step in, Fundy roared and held Dream even tighter to his chest, causing his nails to go even deeper with a loud squelch of blood. His ears were pointed up straight and his tail unfurled, the fur spiking up as it wrapped around Dream.

"Fundy- please, we can see you're doing a good job, we can see you're protecting Dream but you need to- oh fuck, fuck, okay I won't step in-"

"This is bad, I-I think he'll kill us if we go in there."

"Techno,"

"What?"

"We have no choice. Get the tranquilizer."

When Dream woke up, he was in fresh linens and clean white sheets. After he blinked away the morning dew in his eyes, he sprung up, frantically looking for the owner of the coat that was still wrapped around him-

"Dream!" George yelled in relief, "You're awake, good, good."

"Fundy, is he okay?"

"He's...fine, but he sustained some injuries after protecting you."

"What? What happened-"

"Go see for yourself."

Dream recoiled at the state his fox friend was in when he saw him. His arms were covered in heavy bandages. His wounds were so bad that he couldn't move his arms.

He sustained injuries after protecting you, Dream's eyes widened as the events that took place a few days ago came back to him.

The weight of his realization brought him to his knees, *He didn't hurt me, he didn't take advantage of me, He got hurt protecting me- He **protected** me.*

Maybe not all alphas were so bad after all.

Chapter End Notes

Fundy is a good boy. Be like Fundy.

(PS I know this is messy as hell, sorry.)

honeymoon, un deux trois (Dreambur- T)

Chapter Summary

L'Manburg, my grand symphony.

Chapter Notes

Music I listened to while writing this:

Morricone - Gabriel's Oboe (for cello and orchestra)
Saint-Saens - The Carnival of the Animals: XIII, The Swan
Schumann - 5 Pieces in Folk Style, Op. 102: No. 2, Langsam
Litvinovsky - Suite for Strings "Le Grand Cahier": VI. Le Bain
Litvinovsky - Suite for Strings "Le Grand Cahier": VIII. Theatre
Litvinovsky - Suite for Strings "Le Grand Cahier": XI. La Fin de la Guerre
Litvinovsky - Suite for Strings "Le Grand Cahier": XII. La Separation
Puccini - Tosca: "Vissi d'arte" (instrumental version)
Debussy - Deux arabesques, L. 66: No. 1 in E Major
Chopin - Douze Etudes, Op. 25: No. 1 in A-Flat Major "Aeolian Harp"

Dreambur Dancing in Flames

Note: This prompt was given by Luriua on the Shipping Paradise server! Thank you very much.

This takes place after Wilbur blows up L'Manburg

Hands soft in his hands as Wilbur held Dream close by the waist. In the grounds of their burning dance floor. Dust filled their senses so they couldn't breath, but the air was taken out of Wilbur's lungs as Dream unclasped his mask. The gleam in his eyes was bright and beautiful, warmer than the flames engulfing their two small forms. But even as the cold stone walls they had once called a nation threatened to crush them alive- Wilbur has never felt so calm in his life.

They bowed to each other in invitation before they took their positions. They danced to the sound of the explosions destroying the world around them. Stepping forward with the left, then maneuvering the right leg so that it was in parallel with the left; they brought them together and then rescinded the right foot, bringing the left foot to the right and then repeating the motions over and over.

He slotted his hands in his tiny waist and lifted him up from the ground. An exhilarated guffaw erupted from his chest as he twirled Dream around in his arms. The booming sounds of destruction didn't cease but faded into white noise. Wilbur imagined the symphony of the orchestra as they

turned and twisted.

Litvinovsky- Suite for Strings “Le Grand Cahier”: VI. Le Bain played in his mind, and his lips curled into a pleased smile. If he closed his eyes, he could imagine that they were in a ballroom instead. Marbled stone floors colored in a rose gold hue with elegant curtains hiding away towering windows. A glass of *Ruinart Brut Rose* in hand as they maneuvered through the crowd.

But instead they were here, dancing and twirling in the dust of a once great nation. There was no time for regrets, for he had been the one to push the button. He could not find any reason to regret it. Anarchy was such a lovely thought and perhaps it was time for Wilbur to thank Techno for his efforts by getting him a better sword or axe.

The final explosion went off and all they could do was laugh as the dust settled.

L’Manburg, my grand symphony. I press my fingers against the final key of my piano, and I listen to your melody with pride.

Wilbur looks to Dream, and he can see how proud he is too.

Un deux trois, sway, and twist, and natural turn- the symphony I play just for you.

Tick and tock, the sound of time.

I’ll gladly take the final bow with you by my side.

feelin good (FundywasTaken - T)

Chapter Summary

a quick little thing i live wrote in the server

(Villain Fundy/Villain Dream snippet. I'll add more of this later.)

(Birds flying high
You know how I feel
Sun in the sky
You know how I feel
Breeze driftin' on by
You know how I feel)

A dark stain grew on the ground beneath the soles of his feet, yet he paid it no mind. He lifted his fox mask, and got his cigars in his hand. He picked one, pressed it against his lips and lit it. He hummed, breathing in the bitter nicotine. It tasted dark, with just a hint of milk chocolate to balance out the bitterness. This was the luxury of expensive tobacco. Perfume still hung onto his three-piece suit as he ran a hand through his slicked-back hair. He fiddled methodically with the remote in his hand, watching impassively at the penthouse he was eyeing.

He grinned as his beloved sprung out, enchanting in his designer clothing soaked in beautiful crimson. He leaned in and puffed a breath of smoke against his face and dove in to steal a kiss from those pretty pink lips. Dream laughed, chiding him softly with a whispered "Fundy!" before pecking his cheek fondly and getting into their AC Cobra.

A loud guffaw rumbled from his chest as he jumped into the driver's seat and pressed the button. They both laughed as the building crumbled to the ground, turning to ash and dust as Fundy stomped on the gas pedal.

(It's a new dawn
It's a new day
It's a new life
For me
And I'm feeling good
I'm feeling good)

i wanna dance with somebody (DreamnotFound - T)

Chapter Summary

This was a quick snippet I wrote on Discord.

I'll write more later.

(I wrote this as fast as I could in under 10 mins I think.)

The lights twirled and danced around the club, illuminating it's occupants in a flurry of rainbow colors. A mix of reds, blues, and yellows blending into each other. George felt out of place as he sat at the bar, wearing comfortable sweats, a t-shirt, a jacket and some old sneakers he dug out of the closet. His only salvation was the sweet tasting beer in his hands, the aftertaste of dried cashews calming his senses. As the dj announced a song change, the crowd whooped in joy. George sighed, fixing his glasses as he simply leaned and watched. The music faded in, only to come back with an energetic groove. He found himself smiling and nodding his head along to the beat as a woman's voice smoothly sang through the speakers:

(Clock strikes upon the hour
And the sun begins to fade
Still enough time to figure out
How to chase my blues away
I've done alright up to now
It's the light of day that shows me how
And when the night falls, loneliness calls)

He was starting to drift off until the crowd cheered in excitement. As his head snapped up, he noticed that even Techno was cheering. When he turned to look, he understood. The man in the middle of the dancefloor was nothing short of beautiful, with his bright jade eyes and dirty blonde hair, the color of whiskey, and George couldn't help but feel drunk off the sight of the gentle jut of his hips and his long legs that went on for days. He performed an impressive body roll, shaking his hips and grinding up against someone- Wait was that Bad? Or is George drunk?-

In his dazed staring, he failed to notice the warmth in his lap until his attention snapped up to the smug smile on the beautiful stranger's face.

Will you dance with me?, he asked in a low sultry voice, and damn, he could ask George to do anything as long as he kept talking. He could do nothing but take his hand and go off into the dancefloor.

(Oh, I wanna dance with somebody
I wanna feel the heat with somebody
Yeah, I wanna dance with somebody
With somebody who loves me)

all that glitters is not gold (MrBeastwastaken- G)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

MrBeastwastaken Domestic Life

Idea: Rich boy/Commoner trope

Note: This was supposed to be crack what the fuck why did I make it,, an actual fic? Also I didn't want to use Mr. Beast's real name so,, I refer to him as Mr Beast, Beast, or *Bee* because I'm not creative enough to come up with a real name fuck you this was supposed to be crack, I spent too much time on this.

This is set in,, a more modern Dream SMP? Like, the events in the Dre SMP happened but it's not in minecraft, it's irl. But some minecraft mechanics still exist. You catch my drift?

Also note that it's ooc because i mean, this is crack. This is a crack ship.

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His introduction to the Dream SMP had been an extravagant one. He commissioned a new suit for the occasion- A dark ensemble with dark jacket with a shawl lapel, with the requisite waistcoat, shirt, and tie that came with formal attire. He wore a light-gray burberry trench coat over the outfit. He believed that the suit made the man, and with his polished Ralph Lauren's he took his first step into the still crumbled nation of L'Manburg.

He got along with everyone with ease, especially since he's already been acquainted with most of his fellow residents. Karl greeted him with an enthusiastic guffaw and showed him around, telling the rich man to mind his step along the way. It seemed that nature didn't quite like that venture,

since the scalding heat of the sun dampened his styled hair with sweat and his suit stuck quite tightly to his skin. Dream wheezed at that and ruffled his hair, teasing him for choosing such an outfit to walk in a rocky, open terrain.

The party had been the main event. Mr Beast was surprised to see two transparent ghosts joining them for the festivity, but that was the only shock of the night. The menu left them all with a full stomach; Boeuf Bourguignon, Skillet Cod, Roasted Chicken and Salmon with grilled asparagus for the main course, Rum cake, Soufflé, and a simple strawberry shortcake for dessert- served with the best liquor money could buy, of course. The minors were strictly kept away from the bottles of red wine and champagne, but Tommy's antics caused the glasses to promptly fall over. Despite that little disaster, they would all say that they went to bed with a full heart.

Almost everyone. See, all that money-spending must have fried his brain some; for he had forgotten about that one, tiny, little detail: He didn't have anywhere to stay. For a while he just awkwardly walked around, seeing no inns or hotels he could stay at. Luckily he didn't have to wander for too long, until he bumped into the familiar green hoodie clad man of the server.

This is how he ended up in this situation: standing in front of a house that was quite quaint and quite, if he was to venture and choose a word, *small*. He stared owlishly at it, noting how his smiley-masked host seemed to bristle with barely contained excitement and how he seemed to be waiting for something, tilting his head to the side and fiddling with his fingers. Beast returned the stare, glancing back at the...modest house.

"Nice house,man." He complimented, before making his way up the stairs and to the door. Seeing how his hands were preoccupied with his luggage, he waited for Dream to open the door. Once inside, he felt the carpeted floors before he saw them. Dream's house looked well-lived in, filled with hanging picture frames, little knick-knacks and scattered clutter lying about.

What first greeted him was the kitchen. A standard modern kitchen, colored in a non-offensive light gray hue with marbled floors. Beast spotted a cheesy black apron with the words *Whip up a Dream!* written in a cursive font hanging on a hook, along with other aprons and oven mitts. The fridge had multiple pictures of Sapnap, George, Bad and Ant, and of course, Patches.

Then the living room, which made up most of the space, was a pleasant room with three bookcases, a large sofa that looked like it could fit five adults if they squeezed into it, a TV with a gaming console plugged in and a coffee table. There was a book laid out on the table, flipped open on a certain page number he couldn't make out from where he was standing, and a stray mug filled half-way with hot chocolate.

There was a hall leading down to what he'd presume to be the bathroom and bedroom. While he could stand and admire the admittedly warm and homey-feel of his temporary abode, heating up in

a three-piece suit wasn't something that was on his agenda.

"Dude," Dream nudged him with his shoulder and chortled, "Give me your stuff. Go and change in the bathroom, it's down the hall. You look ridiculous in that suit."

Mr Beast feigned offense to that, kicking him lightly with the back of his very-expensive-and-not-ridiculous shoes. "Ah, wait." Dream tapped his shoulder and pointed at one of the pairs of slippers lying around, "You can take off your shoes and put those on."

He nodded and gave his thanks, aligning his shoes with the other footwear and wearing the offered slippers instead. "The bathroom's the door to the left." Dream informed him; and so he went.

The bathroom had a walk-in shower and a bathtub. Spotting a bin where he could put his clothes, he carefully folded his clothes and deposited them there. Humming, he picked up a bottle and observed it, its cover boasting a *linen-fresh spray, perfect for your daily needs*. After a bit of consideration, he sprayed his clothes with a liberal amount of it. The clean scent hit him like a truck and he nodded to himself, "linen-fresh" indeed.

Opting to go for a quick shower instead of the tempting bath, he quickly changed into some comfortable loungewear that he packed in his bag that Dream placed outside of the bathroom. Hearing some muffled curses from the kitchen, he proceeded to the kitchen with quick steps.

"What's up?" He inquired after a quick glance at the kitchen, seeing nothing to be worried about, "Did something happen?"

"I may have forgotten to do my groceries?" Dream replied sheepishly. Beast blinked and stared for a while before his brain finally processed what his eyes were seeing. With the mask gone, he could take in his friend's bare features. Sparkling shades of chartreuse and lime eyes flashed under his light-colored lashes. He had faint freckles that spread across his skin like stars and his shy smile was charming despite how bitten and chapped they looked.

All in all, he kind of looked like spring. Like all things warm and beautiful and bright.

"That's alright, I'm still kind of full anyway."

"But still," Dream mumbled, nibbling on his bottom lip, "It's still early, I could go to the market

and just get it over with.” The implied suggestion lingers in the air. Dream’s eyes glitter like champagne, an expectant little smile blooming on his lips.

“We’ll go then.”

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The luminescent lights strained and hurt his eyes, which were harassed with the absolutely vivid in-your-face advertisements and banners; screaming, sick children constantly hurt his ears and he just watched someone open a can of pickles, take one bite out of one, before *putting it back in*. Cringing and absolutely disgusted, Mr Beast just followed Dream around as the latter went around, putting packages of snacks into their cart.

Dream looks happy, even behind the mask, he can imagine the chipper little grin as he excitedly looks at the discounts. Silently, Beast thinks that Dream might out-housewife his own mother, because he looked a little too excited at seeing the 50% off soap and dishwashing liquid.

“50% off?” Dream mumbled, before throwing two bottles and boxes into their growing pile of items, and whistles, “Definitely getting that.”

“Does it matter?” Beast asked, grimacing when Dream throws something at him and nearly hits him in the face. *Fucking weaponized toilet paper*. “I can just buy it. Not just the groceries, but the whole store. You don’t need a discount.”

Dream’s reaction was one he wished he could record. If only to have his scandalized “WHAT?” on video.

“Don’t you dare buy the goddamn store, *Bee*, I will take your money and eat it!”

Frowning at the nickname, he grabs his phone and raises it to his ear, “Siri, purchase the-”

“Stop!” Dream hissed, then pinched his cheeks. Seeing how they were in the middle of an aisle, Dream’s cheeks flushed a lovely shade of strawberry pink, looking around to see that no one was really paying attention to them, luckily, save for one resident in a more colorful get-up compared to the mostly black and white outerwear worn by the rest of the crowd, who yelled *You tell your man, honey! That outfit has to go!* - clearly misunderstanding the situation but still appreciated nonetheless.

Beast laughed at the pout that had settled on his face, only for Dream to throw the same thing he threw at him from earlier-

Unamused, he rubbed the aching spot on his nose. *Fucking weaponized toilet paper.*

Tossing item after item into the mountain of assorted goods, they soon had enough refreshments to last them for weeks at least. Along the way they added to that a pint of strawberry ice cream, a six pack of cheap beer, poultry, chicken stock, and produce. Just as they were about to check out, Dream’s shoulders perked up and he turned back and beckoned the millionaire to follow him with a wave.

“I forgot something! Can you go get some food for Patches?”

After pondering what to get, he simply asked one of the staff to get him cat food and waited for Dream to return from where he went off to. The masked man arrived with his arms full of fruits and juice and let go of them, letting them fall into their cart with a loud *poof*.

“Here,” He said, and presented the can to Dream. The masked man just stared at it for a while before scratching the back of his neck, “I thought you were going to get some Fancy Feast or something, not...” He leaned in closer, “*Chicken of The Sea.*”

“Ah, I see.” Mr Beast nodded, “Where can I get this *Fancy Feast* then?”

Dream eyed him for a long second before bursting into a fit of airy laughter. “Geez, have you never had canned tuna before, rich boy?”. Shaking his head, he placed the can into the cart before stealing it from Mr Beast’s hands and pushing it somewhere else. “I guess we’re having spicy tuna rice rolls for dinner, then. I wonder if they have chili bean paste around here? The bodega near my place is closed so I can’t get it from there.”

“Cool, I’ll look forward to your cooking then! By the way, is this fermented tuna or something?”

“It’s already cooked.”

Hearing the sharp silence devoid of the sound of expensive shoes clicking against the supermarket’s floors. He turned around and was met with the look of absolute disdain on Mr Beast’s face. He rolled his eyes, “Don’t knock it till you try it! You’re lucky that the Filipino market isn’t open or I would make you eat Balut.”

“What’s Balut?”

“Fertilized egg embryo. Boiled and eaten straight from the shell.”

“Siri, have a jet ready for Dream and I and have English Breakfast for us by the time we land-”

For the third, and probably not the last, time that night, he was hit in the face with a pack of toilet papers.

Elegantly and maturely, he raised his hands and flipped Dream with the twin birds. The masked man responded with a curt “Suck it, rich boy.”, you know, like an *adult*.

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Dream’s cooking was a disaster. That pristine kitchen was desecrated with food in no time.

“Well, this is god awful.” Dream said, a resigned sigh spilling from his lips before he placed his plate of tuna rolls down. And he was right, it tasted horrible, but honestly it wasn’t the worst thing in the world, and he’s quite aware of his friend’s feelings of inadequacy for a while, so he responds with a “It’s not that bad, Dre.”, Taking a bite out of one of his rolls and regretting it immediately after, his face scrunching up like he’d just sucked on a lemon.

“No, no it’s okay, this tastes like straight up dishwater. No need to sugar coat it, man.” Defeatedly, he took his plate and dumped the failed batch of food into the trash can, jade eyes turning into watery chamomile as he sighed, again, and sat down.

“I don’t cook a lot. Or at all.” Dream explained, “But I just really wanted to make something nice for you...guess that was a bust, huh?”

Those words caused his heart to beat violently against his chest and he made a mental note to schedule an appointment with his doctor. Pushing that to the back of his mind, he focused on consoling his friend.

“You can always try again. We can focus on easier meals and then work our way up, okay? Don’t sweat it dude.”

When that heartbreaking dejected look persisted, Mr Beast took a deep breath, repeating a mantra of *Do it for him* in his mind before shovelling down the “dishwater” spicy tuna rolls into his mouth. Before the regret could settle in, Dream let out his signature wheezing laughs.

Even when the laughter was pointed at him, when he listened to that heartfelt laughter, he felt as though he had eaten a perfectly made, home-cooked meal.

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They had settled into a routine. They would eat breakfast together, Dream’s dish would inevitably taste awful, they would laugh it off and Dream would try again for lunch. After lunch, Mr Beast would go out and work on building his house- and by working on his house, that entailed watching as the people he paid off worked on it. Bad and Skeppy would visit him sometimes and gave him pleasant company. Then he would go home and eat every single bit of the dinner Dream made for him, no matter how awful it tasted, just to hear that sparkling laughter again.

He found himself looking forward to the meals waiting for him at home (Home? When did Dream’s house become *home* in his mind.), in fact, his intricate 5 star meals had been replaced entirely with the home-cooked meals prepared sloppily in that little kitchen. But his heart threatened to jump out of his chest whenever he saw how hard Dream worked to make their meals;

a pile of cookbooks filling *their* coffee table and cooking videos filling Dream's recommended page on Youtube.

It must be that pesky heart condition. He should really get to that check-up with his doctor.

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His house was almost done. One more week and it would be good to go. He should be happy, moving out of that house that really wasn't fit for more than one person to live in, and freeing his stomach from the amateur dishes, settling back into his 5 star michelin grade meals. But he really couldn't get himself to smile.

When he looked at the giant house he had built, full of rooms that could be potentially be made into store rooms, with its 5 bedrooms, 7 bathrooms, flourishing gardens and spacious halls and- and he can't help but think that those halls should be filled with high pitched laughter and small feet thumping along the halls. Those rooms could be store rooms, but at the same time they could be theaters, gaming rooms, or...or nurseries.

This house was fit for a family. He didn't have one.

"Do you think we could get a downsize?" He asked, commissioning a new set of workers to build a new house and paying his current ones triple the amount he owed for their hard work. He didn't know what he was going to do with this house, maybe he would just sell it.

Bad gave him a quizzical look, his long black tail swishing behind him like a cat. "*Bee*, at first you wanted 8 bedrooms! Why do you keep downsizing your houses? You have, like, three of them now!"

"It's too...spacious." He said, "I don't like it." He lowered his gaze in embarrassment.

Bad's face softened into warm understanding. That was one thing he liked about bad; he never gave him any pitying looks. With a knowing tone, he placed his hand on Mr Beast's shoulder, "Oh,

sweetheart, how's it going with Dream?"

"What does he have to do with this?"

That familiar motherly look of 'I know something you know you don't want to admit I know' appeared on Bad's face before he smiled, "You know what I mean. How's it going?"

"This line of questioning is over." He sharply intoned, nudging Bad away before getting into his Cadillac that was parked next to Bad and Skeppy's car, a white Toyota that might've been sparkling and nice years ago.

He pressed on the gas pedal and went *home*. He went *home* to Dream and was greeted with that warm smile and a pot of chicken soup.

He nearly cried. It tasted like *home*.

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For dinner, they were having takeout. He arrived at about 7 pm, later than usual since the two ghosts of the server wanted to hang out. Wilbur and Schlatt were hilarious, and they nearly screamed their lungs out at the karaoke. Dream was busy looking at the a few pamphlets, his telephone held in place between his cheek and his shoulder, when he saw Beast just standing at the doorway.

"Psst, come in, dumbass!" He grinned, eagerly showing him what he was looking at- A picture of good, albeit oily looking noodles, with a smattering of meat and vegetables on top, the text below it boasting *The Best noodles in town! December promo, now 30% off!*

"You know, you have a strange obsession with discounts, I can just buy-"

Dream tsked and shushed him before dialing the number of the restaurant, “I’m gonna give our stomachs a break and get you the best goddamn takeout in town, and if you don’t like it-” He gave Beast a death glare that was *maybe* only half joking, “Your rich boy mouth can go eat shit and die.”

Ah, he must really like their noodles then.

Before he could retort with some choice words, Dream was already talking with the person on the other side of the line. He resigned himself to lazing around on the couch.

When the noodles arrived, he had to admit, they were really *really* good. He would even say that they were better than their professionally made counterpart. With a pair of chopsticks, he shovelled the greasy noodles into his mouth and delighted at the flavour. Now, he could see why Dream was so serious when he was talking about them earlier.

But there was something missing. He looked up and caught Dream just staring at him, his cup of noodles haphazardly forgotten beside him. For a moment, they just gazed at each other, an odd tension in the air as Beast’s eyes travelled from those sparkling eyes, those rosy cheeks, and finally, his lips, which were opened just slightly.

He noticed the stray bit of noodle, sticking to the side of his mouth and he reached out, thumbing the piece off. Realising what he had done, he went back to eating his noodles, pointedly looking away from Dream’s flushed face.

That night, he screamed into his pillow and his heart yelled back at him, thumping loudly in his ears. God, his heart condition must be getting worse!

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A month later and his final house was done. It was simple, and quite small. There was something charming about the plainness of it, it had a picturesque garden in front of it, a living room that was just begging to be filled with picture frames and bookshelves and- and...

Mr Beast wondered for a moment why it felt so empty. And cold. It wasn't supposed to be like that. The heater was on and, as mentioned, the house was so small compared to the other houses. The kitchen looked the most dreary of all, just a blank space waiting to be filled with practice dishes and little splatters and left over wrappers. There weren't any pictures hanging on the fridge, there were no books on the coffee table. It was missing something.

It was missing someone.

Because the house was too big for one person.

But it was perfect for two.

Oh.

The clock ticked along with the melodic silence as the bubble bursted, and the realization of his idiocy contrasted the calm ambience of his house. His house was too lonely and too empty because he forgot the most important part of it.

Dream.

It was missing Dream.

He got into his car and drove home, back to Dream, just like he had for all these nights. He'll cancel his doctor's appointment right away, there was absolutely nothing wrong with his heart. In fact, one could argue that everything was absolutely *right*. He'll gift the house with the rooms and the flourishing gardens to Bad and Skeppy. It suited them well. They would be able to fill in its empty walls with giggles and extra pairs of feet soon enough.

It was comical how he tripped over his two feet, nearly falling down the front steps, in his haste to open the door. Right away, he smelt soup and his stomach growled. And there Dream was, in all his soft unmasked glory, a loose sweater swaddling his slim frame and that ridiculously cheesy black apron tied around his waist.

Dream's face lit up when he saw him, and he quickly waved him over, "Bee! Come on, try this out! I think I finally got it right!"

“It's perfect.” He says; and he hasn't even gotten one foot through the door. Dream rolls his eyes despite the endearing blush that settled on his cheeks after that comment. “Don't be like that. I need someone to taste it so I know if I should add more salt or pepper into it.”

“It's delicious.” He says; even though he just took off his shoes and his coat.

When he finally does taste it, he finds his previous statements were undoubtedly correct. The soup is perfectly balanced in flavour, the savory taste of well-cooked chicken settling on his tongue and leaving him feeling all sorts of sated.

He opens his eyes and stares directly at Dream, “*Perfect.*”

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In the middle of dinner, he places his finished bowl down and takes his time staring at the man he fell in love with. A grown man with horrible manners, eating his food like some kind of puppy, shouldn't be cute. But he was. He was cute, endearing, adorable, and every other word he could come up with.

His brain to mouth filter failed on him and he blurted out the thoughts in his mind, “I'm going to move into my house tomorrow.”

Dream's face falls and his shoulders slump before he can continue. “Oh..you're leaving, huh?”

“Yes, I am,” Beast gulped, “Move in with me.” He moved his plate aside and pressed his head against the table, “*Please-*”

“Okay.”

“-Please live with me, I-if you want I’ll even pay- Wait, really?”

The cute little grin he’s met with is the only answer he needs.

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A few years down the line they have to move into another house anyways. They have an extra pair of mini-Dreams running about. Every day, Beast looks at the rings on their fingers and he can’t help but let out a heartfelt smile every time.

All that glitters is not gold.

Chapter End Notes

this was really oddly sweet and fluffy.

End Notes

My twitter: @minoru_vanyanya

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